JE T'ADORE. A LOVE SONO.

We'll listen to news
That is trite and diffuse
And let bores take floor root to the floor,
If they'll only have sense
In the quies present tons
To let takes be indersed by the door.

We love to have health
And we love to have wealth,
And a smile from the one we adors;
But when cold bitzsards blow
With a swiring of snow
Give us one who shuts closely the door,
merican Commercial Travellar

ANTICIPATION.

Life's soul of bliss ne'er sates itself, Nor cradits us for what we're doint; Our hignest hope, our greatest wealth Lies in the pleasure of pursuing.

So measure we our ends alway,
In sunshine and in sorrow;
It is not what we are to-day.
But what we hope to be to-morrow

SAVING HARD SINNERS.

BY JOHN STEPHEN.

Two commercial travelers sat in the office of the Brunswick Hotel. "Tom," said the younger, "I have just obtained an inside position in the firm, and will leave the road, I imagine, for some time. I have had enough of hotel and restaurant life, and am determined to try the portal of home, if not home itself, a boarding house. Do you know of any good place?

"No. Jim; I've not been boarding for years. The best way is to put an advertisement in one of the Sunday papers, and you will have plenty of replies, for Chicago is divided into two classes, those who

board and those who keep house."
"I should like to get a nice, quiet place, where I could have some home comforts, a little music, a chat in the parlor, and that

sort of thing, you know.
"Oh, yes. I know all about it, Mr. James Barclay. You have got romantic notions of boarding houses and expect to find in them all the comforts of home, but you will learn that there is no place like home, and trying to find a substitute in a boarding house is like trying to gather figs from thistles and grapes from thorns.'

"Come now," was the cheery rejoinder, "don't try to discourage me. I think I can get through an advertisement just the place I want.

"No doubt you may. It seems to me there is nothing under the sun that may not be obtained through the medium of an advertisement.

"Yes, I believe you. And I don't think there is anything too ridiculous on earth in the way of an advertisement that will not elicit a reply.

"Then, suppose you illustrate the truth of your own theory by advertising for board in some quaint, out of the way manner, that will ward off the average race of professional boarding-house keepers, and bring to your relief one of these matronly souls, full of the milk of human kindness, who only keep boarders for the sake of company, and are entirely above mercen-

Since you have been talking I have framed an advertisement, which you, no doubt, may consider ridiculous, but I bet you a supper at Kinsley's I shall get an answer to it. Here it is. Mr. James Baclay, taking a pencil and

note book from his pocket, wrote the fol-Board Wanted-A young gentleman, with the best of references, desires board out:

in a refined family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will be considered as sufficient compensation for his board. Address J. B. 22, this office." "Great Casar!" exclaimed the other, in

genuine astonishment, "you don't im-gine find anyone so philanthropically foolish as Welsh got mashed on a widow in Duluthto answer that advertisement? "Yes, Mr. Thomas Temple, sage and

sober philosopher and man of the world my old friend. that you are, I will get genuine answers to this advertisement. Will you accept the

'I should say so! And being something of an epicure, will concect the most expensive menu I can think of, and will do the supper given me by the Don Quixote of advertisers the most ample justice." "Dou't be too sure that the entertain-

ment will be at my expense." Both gentlemen, after lighting their cigars, strolled to the office of one of the great dailies, where the singular advertisement was duly paid for and ordered to be inserted.

After this operation the friends parted, the last remark of Mr. Barclay being: "Now, my doubting St. Thomas, you will see that I get an answer, and I shall enjoy your supper and prove the truth of my

In a number with four figures on Michigan avenue sat a mother and daughter in a cosy antercom that had every appearance, if not of oppressive opulence, yet of elegance and refinement.
"I think, my dear," said the mother,

"that Harry needs more cheerful asso-ciates than we are; although, poor boy, he bears well up under his affliction. But, ever since that dreadful accident which confined him to the house, his spirits, once so buoyant, seem to be depressed. I should like to engage some agreeable person to come and read to him every day for an hour or so. It would relieve you, my dear, and give Harry an opportunity to converse with some one who knows more of the outside affairs of life, of which, in our exclusive retirement, we have been so long ignorant.

"Yes, ma, I think Harry would be much improved by coming in contact daily with an intelligent person from the active circles of life. One who could talk to him of his old business associates and haunts. I could never interest myself on those subjects, and I actually forget the price of wheat two minutes after being told the latest market rate of that exceedingly fluctuating staple. I always thought

staples were more steady characters."
"I hope Harry will not interest him-self too much in that speculative commodity," replied the mother as a shade crossed over her face. "He can make all the money it takes to gratify an ordinary ambition out of his late father's business. But suppose, my dear, you write an advertisement that will secure the person we

want. Suppose, mamma," replied the daughter, "I look over the newspaper and get an idea from it, about the way to word it. Here are all kinds of wants; board wanted, and so forth. But just listen! Did you ever hear such an advertisement as this? "Bonid wanted-A young gentleman,

with the best of references, desires board in a refined, social family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will considered as sufficient compensation for his board.

Did you ever hear of such assurance? Does this person :eally expect to find peo-ple to board him for the benefit of his edifying conduct?"

"It is rather a singular advertisement," replied the mother. "I have heard many a subterfage of taking boarders for companions, but not without compensation." "Perhaps this edifying person's conduct might be of some good to Harry; but the her, too."

probabilities are that he is a goody-goody divinity student, and you know Harry is something of a Robert Elsmere and has peculiar views on religion."

"But, my dear, you are taking it for granted that the advertiser is a divinity student. In all probability he is a very different sort of person. He states he has the best of references. Suppose you write him a note and request him to call?"

In a few days after the insertion of the In a few days after the insert on of the adverti ement Mr. James Barclay called at the newspaper office and received but two replies. One of them read as follows: "If the good young man will apply at the penitentiary, he may find a field for his edifying conduct, as the present Chaplain

is off on a vacation." "Guess that won't sink," said Mr. James Barelay, with a grim smile. "It looks like a put-up job; there is a strong resemblance in some of these strokes to Tom Temple's handwriting; but let us see what we've got here."

The other answer was a dainty missive in a feminine hand, requesting the advertiser to call at a certain residence on Michigan avenue. It was exceedingly brief, though courteous.

Turning to the clerk with some degree of anxiety, he demanded to know if there were no other replies, and left with an incredulous look that would make any one but an advertising clerk feel uncomforta-

On this little missive, therefore, hung the truth of a theory and an expensive supper. But Mr. Barclay was a man of resolve, and after a careful toilet was soon at the residence on Michigan avenue.

"Jingo, this is sumptuous!" he ejaculated, as his wandering eye took in the ele-gant surroundings. "If I get accommoda-tions here, I'll be inclined to think the best home I've yet seen is a humbug to this place. His reveries were cut short by the ap-

pearance of two ladies, who smiled when their unexpected visitor explained the object of his call. The younger, Miss Susan Bedford, was

a lady of convictions. She had conceived the idea that the writer of such an advertisement must surely be a divinity student, and thus she regarded him.

"Mr. Barclay," she said, reading his card, and then proceeding straightway to open the campaign. "My mother and I, the other evening, were discussing the advisability of having some company in the house for the benefit of my brother, who met with a severe accident some time ago, and has been confined to the house. We saw your advertisement, and were prompted to answer it, but I must forewarn you that my brother has led a very active commercial life, has peculiar views on religion, and dislikes to discuss theological subjects.

"Shade of Henry Ward Beecher! I wouldn't be surprised if she took me for a local preacher," thought Mr. Barelsy, but if the interesting invalid who is to be improved by my edifying conduct is a practical business man I'll soon undeceive

"Madam," he replied, while a dimpled smile ran over his rosy, jovial face, "saving hard sinners is not my line, though I'm in the hardware trade. I'm a commercial traveler, and, as they say in our circles, pretty well posted on current events.

He gave a hearty laugh-such a one as had not been heard in that house for many a day. Here a voice from over the banisters much to the surprise of the ladies, called

"I'll bet a cool thousand that's Jim Barclay's laugh. Come up, you durned old son of a gun; I'm glad to see you!

"Why, is that you, Harry Bedford?" ried the astonished Jim. "Well, I decried the astonished Jim. clare. Thought you had sold out of your for a moment that even in this big city of father's business and gone to Europe! Chicago, which contains every shade and | Well, I am delighted to see you? I've variety of characters, from the sweetest got a whole budget of stories to tell you. saints to the sourcest cranks, that you will You'll die laughing to hear how Pete but excuse me, ladies, for being so rude. I must beg of you to pardon me if I join

> "I don't think, my dear, there is much of the divinity student about that gentleman," said the mother.

"No. I don't think he mortifies the flesh, but he will be just the person to put a little life and animation into Harry. And I hope," she added, "that he may be our

Mr. James Barclay was duly assimilated into the bosom of the Bedford fam ly, proved his theory, won his supper, found a good home, che-red up the spirits of the young merchant, led the young lady in due course of time to the altar, and was eventually admitted as a partner into his brother-in-law's flourishing business.

He says that if there was any way by advertising to take a chance at making the hereafter secure, he would be the first to try it.

Her Son's Wife.

A keen-eyed, wiry little old lady, with a determined expression upon her countenance and an aggressive air generally, sat directly in front of me on a Western railroad train, writes a correspondent. We had just left a small, dreary-looking little town in Kansas, when the old lady turned around and asked, "The next station's B-, aint

'Yes," I replied. "I git off there," said the old lady, and having begun her confidences, she continued:

"Yes, I'm going out there to live with my daughter Harriet-that is, if we kin git along together."

"You see, I been staying awhile out in Ohio with my son Hiram, but me and his wife never could git along in this world, never! Aint it awful how extravagant young folks are nowadays? It wasn't so when I was young.'

"The times are different," I said. "That's no excuse for a woman throwing away whole half-loaves of bread, is it?" she asked, sharply, and when I made no reply, she went on:

"And that's just what my son's wife, Ellen, did. Then she uses a whole egg ev'ry morning for clearin' coffee, when anybody knows that the yeller or the white alone will do. I've often cleared it with the shell alone, and I have made it without any egg at all, and it didn't pizen us."

I still kept silence, for my sympathy was with the son's wife, and the old lady persisted with her complaints.

'Another thing she takes good butter, at thirty cents a pound, and spreads it on beefsteak after it's cooked. Think of that! And she makes her gingerbread out of half sugar, instead of all molasses, which is good enough for anybody! It was just waste, waste, waste in that house! I expect to see the whole fam'ly in the pore-house yit, and I told my son's wife so every day I was there.

"What did she say?" "Not a word. She never minded me, but kept right on. So I left, and if Harriet carries on like that, I'll leave

FOR THE LADIES.

HOW DAME FASHION WOULD HAVE YOU ATTIRED.

latters of Especial Interest to Ladies Who Desire Becoming and Fashionable Tollets-The Art of Dressing Economically and Well.



NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE. N spring a young maid's fancy light-lyturns to thoughts of - bonnets, and this year there are so many pretty things to choose from that, after all, your fancy need only turn once or twice to get something really dizzy. Bon-

nets with openwork crowns of Persian passementerie, with a bit of silk or velvet introduced beneath, if you like; bonnets of closely laid, tiny dark-red roses, with brims well covered in velvet-who shall say that such a bonnet is at any season out, of place? Bonnets with bead tops and rrisp satin finishing; bonnets that avoid light lace and gauze, and light field-like flowers; bonnets that compromise themselves by neither a glimpse of straw nor of felt, but that are fresh, crisp, and safely suitable for those uncertain months between winter and spring, as it is recognized by the feminine mind on millinery bentthese are the bonnets you want to think about now.

Except it be the color of one's gowning, there is absolutely nothing so distractive, creative, or emphatic of a woman's beauty as is the shape and style of her headgear. Yet, instead of studying all periods and styles and adopting what suits one's own face, all women rush for "the latest" in the shop and your hat which must be charming, stylish, beautiful. It won't do to buy a hat because it looks stunning on the wax head in the window. Women are tion they give to themselves than to cause the thing happens to please their I suppose, argue lack of vanity so clearly as lack of intelligence.

The saucy Knight Templar looking nat given in the above group ought to emphasize all the piquancy of the erect, level-eyed, soldierly girl. She must have a well-defined oval contour,



SPRING MILLINERY.

for a thin, long face could not bear the pinched point in front. It is almost impossible to give any

rules for the becomingness of hats. The reason why one hat makes you look more or less charming, and another turns you into a fright, is often beyond discovery. In some subtle way, I suppose, an unexpected tilt to a brim falls into harmony with the lines of the face, and so presents a new and satisfactory symmetry. Witness how the hat that suits us well when our golden locks frizzle about our brow, looks like a cheese-basket on a barber-pole if we brush our hair back from the forehead. Brushing the hair back alters the character of a face, because it reveals new lines of contour. We may find the style of hair becoming, and yet be almost unable to suit ourselves in hats without the relief that bangs or frizzle decorations give to the face. In such case the English round hat, built high or low to suit us, and that comes well lown on the forehead, will be safe. Such hats display to advantage wellmarked eyebrows, and often bring out pretty curves in chin and lips. There s a refreshing bit of cleanly drawn



back hair that shows just at the temple, and a jaunty severity of outline at the back of the head when the hair is Mary Queen of Scots knew all about that.

rounded point on the forehead rather very short sleeves and no pad bustle.

pictured further down, if cut at the right curve will call attention to a pretty, rounded contour of chin and cheek. Men's hats are more generally becoming to women than are their own

low, as does the fur cap on the girl

hats. Why? Simply because the lines of men's hats are pronounced, unbroken by bows and feathers, and symmetrical. They establish a pleasing harmony of lines in the face beneath them at once. Women's hats are crowded with furbelows and frenzies. They are dainty things to look at, and may, through being light and airy and in flower-like combination of colors, add to the feminine softness and childlike trusting of a woman's face. But the hat would be just so much more be-coming had there been some definitely maintained tendency upward, down-ward, or roundward in lines and deco-

A hat with brim tilted up on one side and drooping on the other is almost always effective. Let us hope the hat (illustrated in the group), with its



SHE CUTS THE CAKE.

window. It is the combination of you this side, droops prettily on the other side, and that there the lilies are replaced by soft downward curves of ribbon, silk, or leaves. The bonnet facing it would, through correctness of concalled vain, but how much less atten- tour and simplicity of adornment, be only commonplace except for the pretty the things they wear. Women don line the ribbon gives in passing from bonnets that make frights of them be the back of the head under the ear to the chin. A young woman whose cheekfancy, or to be the prevailing shape line is still unbroken, and whose chin among their friends. That does not, rounds prettily, can do this. Faces rounds prettily, can do this. Faces that need to have the oval of the lower part forced, must wear their strings in front of the ear. Then the required oval is readily made by the brim of the bonnet and the curve of the strings, and the face is framed therein.

The bonnet in the second picture has the broad sweep of curve, of which I spoke, from temple to temple; and see how well it suits the low, wide brow and the eyes set well apart.

Is there a church fair on your social horizon? Just study this last picture, then? Nothing sets off a woman's figure as does a well-cut apron. This one is particularly well cut. Then, too, you can make cake-cutting an excuse for the old-fashioned lace mits, than which nothing has been invented more calculated to enhance beauty of contour and of color of a woman's arm. The skin looks doubly white and fine through the black meshes, the outlines of wrist and forearm are followed faithfully, the uncovered fingers seem longer and more taper from the black above. The girl who can cut such an angel in her pretty combination of "dress" and "kitchen" can surely cut

Fashion Fads.

SILK MULL promises to be a favorite material for late spring and summer dresses.

Many summer costumes will be made up in pink and black-a favorite combination for that season. A NOVELTY in ribbons is the new repped ribbon with edges of gauze. It

is very pretty and makes up well. MOURNING MANTLES are big capes of fine, dull, black wool. They have deep bands of crape down the front.

New cloth robes for spring wear are ornamented with woven embroidery in a single metal, as gold, silver, or steel. Whars, mantles, and pelerines will all be very small, and late fashions

show them in immense variety of style. Some very handsome theater bonnets of recent manufacture are made wholly of velvet flowers in soft and delicate LIGHT summer vests will have five

breasted. When double, but four buttons must be worn. THE rage for canes is so great that no well-regulated young man who has less than half a dozen can lay the least

buttons and a collar when cut single-

claim to even self-respect. THE babies' best gowns are now often made of white washing silks, with the most delicate torchon lace for trimming, in place of the time-honored

cambric and embroidery. Spring dresses for the street will be made of dark wool serge, trimmed with black open-work galloon as a border, and vest placed over light cloth of a color contrasting with that of the serge.

Gowns of good black cashmere, made with long straight redingote and brightened with vest, cuffs, collar, and revers of gold braid mixed with blacksilk Hercules braid, are stylish, elegant, and serviceable.

Delicate gray, reseda, fawn, and rush-green are the shades of spring cashmeres, which are elaborately embroidered in colored silds and metals on the draped front of the corsage and skirt. The waist of cashmere is over a pointed lining, on which it is draped to show no darts, the embroidered part extending in a single piece across to the left side and thence to the long point, where it is met by a girdle of ombre ribbon. The back has the embroidery in a point down to the waist line, and the skirt hooks there above the edge. The sleeves are full over a drawn up under the hat. Low hats coat-sleeve lining, with draped folds of with brims curving widely from temple | the embroidery at the top and at the to temple add to the beauty of a broad | wrists, where an embroidered band is set under like an undersleeve and held by a small ombre bow. The skirt is A hat that lies cap-fashion in a straight behind and very full, with



HE world is pretty old, but it is only within a few years that man has learned very much about it. It is scarcely four hundred years since the Western Remisphere became a fact to the people of the old world, though the air of the East had long throbbed with tales and prophecies of fair lands and fragrant isles beyond the sunset sea. Four centuries ago Europe and Asia had no defined boundaries, and geographers hedged them about with waters terrible in whirlpools and inhabited with life in many frightful forms. Sailors we equite as louth to go far from land as explorers were to penetrate the key North, guarded by monsters and healless men clothed like wild beasts. The African coast had not been traced and America and Australia were not known when Columbus and his contemporaries ventured across the wide Western sea and reached what they thought to be the Asian continent. be the Asian continent.

The pre-Columbian map of the world was nearly as definite as that of the trans-Missouri

country of fifty years ago, when lowa was a Territory extending to the British Dominion, California belonged to Mexic, Oregon was questionable as belonging to us, while all of this was region Pre-Columbian Map, which now pulsates with civilization and prosperity was classed as a desert, given over to wild animals and wilder men. The a-companying map gives a fair idea of the Territorial condition of the great West in 1815, only forty-three years ago.

It was a belief almost within the memory of school children that a little fringe of country along the Missouri River was all that was habitable until the traveler reached the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The vast intervening region, now the pasture and grain fields of the world was a desert and it was a daring thing world, was a desert, and it was a daring thing to penetrate it. A journey to the Pacific coast then was like bidding tarewell to friends and life, but this has been a marvel-working generation, and to-day offers a choice of routes in the ntimental trip.

To know something of the geographical por-

trait of our own continent is necessary to every intelligent American citizen, quite as much as



MAP OF THE WEST IN 1845.

an angel cake to the remuneration of any church fair.—Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.

to understand the radical principles of the Federal Government over this most important part of it. Our country is immensely great, and to know it in its simple grandeur is not an extravaknow it in its simple grandeur is not an extravagance, but bome-spun truth, all wool and a yard
wide. The most remarkable feature of America
is the basin of the Mississippi River. Its dimensions and physical characteristics are not
yet fully understood and comprehended. Extending from north to south, it covers 22 degrees of latitude. Considered with the Missouri as its main branch, it is the longest
river in the world, 4.300 miles. It carries to the
Gulf waters from fifty-four subordinate navigable rivers and from hundreds of unnavigables Gulf waters from fifty-four subordinate havigable rivers and from hundreds of unnavigable
streams. No valley of the earth presents so
uniform and harmonious a series of ever-supplying tributaries. The plain of this great river
and branches has a stretch of arable land equivalent in surface to the aggregate of the valleys
of all the other continents. The in erlacing
of rivers form by their double banks—80,00
miles—a shore equal in extent to the ocean
coasts of all lands. The Mississippi River is
remarkingle in several respects, in that I grows remarkable in several respects, in that i grows narrower as it nears its mouth, and shows a great difference in the rise and fall, the rise be-



CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS ACROSS THE RECENT AMERICAN DESERT.

tween the mouth of the Ohio and Natches between the mouth of the Unio and Natohes being about fifty feet, at New Orleans it is only
about fifteen, while just above the entrance to
the Gulf it is less than three feet. Another pecultarity of the lower river is that of changing
its course. It is asserted upon good authority
that the old Mississippi along which La Salle
floated two hundred years ago is now solid
ground.

The continent of North Amorica opens into an

ground.

The continent of North America opens into an expanded bowl to receive and harmoniously ruse whatever enters within its rim. The other continents present a bowl reversed, which scatters everything from a central apex into radiant distraction. Take Europe, for example, with the key Alps in the center, sending rivers in all directions, along which dwell people different in ruse, language, habits and interests, whose history is one long drama of bloodshed and tyrannical government. Asia has the stapendous central government. Asia has the stupendous central



BASIN OF AMERICA.

barrier of the Hima ayas, of the Altai, the Beloor barrier of the Hima sys., of the Alfai, the Beloor and Himiu Kosh, from whose sides spring great rivers which find their way to widely separate sees, and throughout the Asian e-atiment dwell races marked in their dissimilarity. In Africa, too, rise the can ral mountain vertebre, forming so each side water sheds of rivers which flow to different occurs. Navious separated by meuntain barriers have always regarded those beyond as natural enemies, and kings have ever encour-

A REMARKABLE REGION.

THE GREAT BASIN OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

The Fabled Productiveness of the Orient, or the Divinely Bleased Promised Land. Pales Before the Realities of This Broad Expanse—A Dream of Empire.

BY NOSES POLSON.

Aged this belief among their subjects. Cowper carpeases the idea in his lines:

"Mountains interposed Make enemies of nations, who had else Like kindred drops been minuled into one."

In North America, however, the mountains rise upon each coast, and from there the land slopes into the great basin of the Mississippi. This vast lassin is all within the temperate zone—from the warm part where semi-tropical products mature to the high mountain slopes where grows the vegetation of the colder north. From Mentans's mountains, where the winds bring vigor and physical regeneration from the hills and forests, where the sweet earth and the bare rock of the highlands present many a fascination of form and color, where the mighty artery of the continent has its sonts, down to its distant mouth, where the Southern planter frets under growing lassitude, and the floods pour into the Guif, nature changes by a gradation so delicate and universe the Southern planter frets under growing lassitude, and the floods pour into the Guif, nature changes by a gradation so delicate and universe the Southern planter frets under growing lassitude, and the floods pour into the Guif, nature changes by a gradation so delicate and universe the Southern planter frets under growing lassitude, and the floods pour into the Guif, nature changes by a gradation so delicate and universe the Southern planter frets under growing lassitude, and the floods pour into the Guif, nature changes by a gradation so delicate and universe and the floods pour flood the productiveness of the Orient, or

sensible to the travelor who goes less than the whole distance.

The fabled productiveness of the Orient, or the divinely bleased Promised Land, pales before the realities of this broad expanse. On mountain and in vale, on hill and plain, there flourishes in diversity every article that can be used by man in his advancing civilization. The moral, physical, and social cuaracteristics of the people of this valley are distinctively marked. They are bold, active, energetic, acquisitive, and progressive. The quantity and variety of food of the people excels that found in any other country. The clothing worn is of the best—far better than that of any other nation. No race has such home comforts. The poetals of the valley have been thrown wide open; the highways to the Pacific, the Guif, the lakes, and the East cleared, and the works of future greatness entered upon. An unrivaled internal commerce flourishes. A railroad system cro ses the continent from east to west, and from borth to south, intersected by innumerable traversing lines. The telegraph circles in all directions. Postal facilities react every point of the land. Education is the birthright of every child. Free retigion is recognized. A fearless and enlightened press disseminates the intellectual products of the world. The infancy of a manufacturing system is seen. Mines have



POSSIBLE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1945. een opened-mines of silver and gold-and delv-

heen opened—mines of silver and goal—and deving therein, the laborer of yesterday has become the millionaire of to-day.

How forcibly are we impressed with De Tocqueville's words, "The Valley of the Mississippi is, upon the whole, the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." In this wide area, which includes climatic differences so great that everything necessary to man are her area to man a provinced there is an sary to man can be produced, there is an exchange of products without inspection or charge; in all of the republic tradic is not hindered by tax or tariff. "Who does not see in the Valley of the Mississippi," says Guizot, "the character of America, that here lies the future of the new world to which the countries of the

character of America, that here her the lotter of the new world, to which the countries of the mountains and lofty plateaus seem destined to play only a secondary pact?"

When the American basin is filled up, the affiliation of mankind will be accomplished in a great homegeneous nation, alike in race, color, language, habits, desires, and loyalty—an empire of such strength and size as to require no account of the strength and size as to require no account of the strength and streng pire of such strength and size as to require no army or navy, whose soldiers are free and equal citizens, their weapons the pen, the ax and the plow, their tactics labor and energy. Shall not the empire of Cortes be ours? Not by force or fraud, but in obedience to the same laws that have extended our institutions from the Atlantic to the Pacific. New Mexico is ours—why not Old Mexico? And why should an imaginary line interpose between us and the north? Half of the continent lies above us—a region of unbounded mineral and agricultural wealth. We already own Alaska—wy not. Un ted America? The Asiatic traveler, in following the sun westward, finds life growing more intense. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Carry the comparison a ross the Atlantic; in the language of an impartial English writer, Joseph Hatton, "Ten years of life in America is a half-century in Europe," and life is more potent in the direction of the Pacific than on the Alantic coast. The West, in its development seems to rather momentum like a falling body. Vast countries have been settled before, but never as now under the whip and spur of lightning and steam. Quick and easy transportation now makes regions populous and wealthy which ones were difficult of access and practically uninhabitable. The star of empire passed from Asia to Europs, thence to America, and now shines benignly upon the Pacific. There is no more West! The Asiatic traveler, in following the sun west-St. PAUL, Minn.

A Forty-Thousand-Acre Farm. The big Grandin wheat farm in Da-

kota comprises about 40,000 acres, of which 13,000 acres are under cultivation, 11,000 being sown to wheat. There are used on the farm 45 gang plows, two plows in a gang, each plow cutting 14 to 15 inches. There are 45 gang harrows. These are six feet square, but are arranged together side by side to work 24 feet wide. One long evener draws the four, with a pair of mul-s near each end. One man drives both teams. The advantage of this system is worthy of notice by other farmers. It reduces the number of men usually required one-half. There are 44 broadcast sowers, sowing 8 feet each, but two of these are attached end to end, with a span of mules before each, and one man drives both spans, another saving of half the man force. There are 75 self-binding harvesters employed on the place. Modern improvements have so perfected these that only one expert is required for the whole, especially since the experienced workmen are kept from year to year, and they are able to attend to any little repairs. The harvesters are each drawn by three mules, and one and one-half to two men are required to shock the bandles from each machine. The threshers, of which there are six, are quite extensive affairs, compared with those of former times or with the flails or animals on the threshing floors of our boyhood. Each one of these machines, driven by steam power, threshes out from 1,900 to 2,000 bushels a day. They are set down in the center of a hundred acres of shocks, and when these are threshed the machines are moved to the center of another hundred acres. The working force on a single thresher forms quite a little army. Thus, there is, first, the general superintendent, eight bundle teams to haul the shocks, with drivers and eight other men, part in the field and part at the machine, as pitchers and loaders. At the machine two men are required simply to cut the bands, There are three feeders, two at work and one alternate. Then there are the engineer, the fireman, the waterman, the "straw tucker," who with two mules and a pole removes the straw accumulating before the machine, a barn man to care for the animals, and the cook and his assistant. The wheat is received into wooden tanks holding 100 bushels each, and four men with four wagons drawn by four mules cach, one tank wagon at the machine and three on the road take the wheat to the elevators. T is saves bags and

bagging. It will thus be seen that

there is a force of thirty men employed

to run a single machine, -Exchange,

